

CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISERTM

BOOM! 4

STUDIOS

THE DARK WATCH

WETA

BRANDON SEIFERT
TOM GARCIA

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER™

BOOM! 4

STUDIO CITY

THE DARK WATCH



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TRAVIS

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HELLRAISER
THE DARK WATCH

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RULING IN HELL
IS OVERRATED.



IT'S BEEN A YEAR
SINCE I STOPPED
BEING HARRY
D'AMOUR, NEW
YORK PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR
AND PART-TIME
DEMON HUNTER--

--AND BECAME
D'AMOUR, CURRENT
HIGH PRIEST OF HELL.
AND IN THAT TIME, I'VE
COME TO UNDERSTAND
ONE THING--

--WHY ELLIOTT
SPENCER WOULD
RISK LIFE AND
SOUL TO QUIT
THIS JOB.



IF IT'S NOT
THE INCESSANT
LITURGIES I HAVE
NO EAR FOR. IT'S
THE CONSTANT
TORTURE OF DAMNED
SOULS I HAVE NO
STOMACH FOR--

--OR IT'S
DIRECTING THE
OTHER CENOBITES
IN THEIR DUTIES.
INCLUDING LEADING
THE NEW CRUSADER
ARMY IN THEIR
DRILLS.

ALL IN ALL,
IT'S ALMOST A
RELIEF WHEN
SOMEONE TRIES
TO ASSASSINATE
ME.



ALMOST.



HIS NAME IS **PARRIEUX MARCHETTI**--THE "CANKERIST," A THEOLOGICAL ASSASSIN.

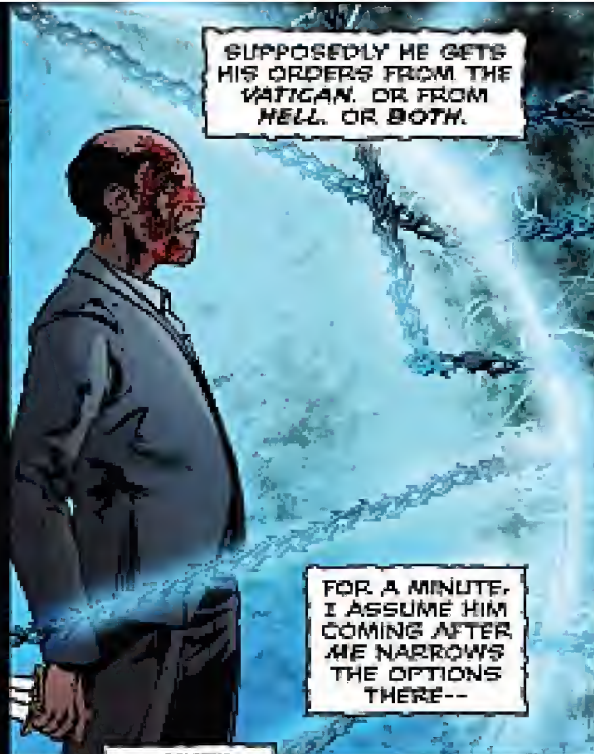
I RAN AFOUL OF HIM YEARS AGO--



--KILLING A WOMAN TO GET AT HER UNBORN CHILD. AT CHRISTMAS, WHILE MUTTERING ABOUT A "SURFEIT OF MESSIAHS."

NICE GUY.





SUPPOSEDLY HE GETS HIS ORDERS FROM THE VATICAN. OR FROM HELL. OR BOTH.

FOR A MINUTE, I ASSUME HIM COMING AFTER ME NARROWS THE OPTIONS THERE--

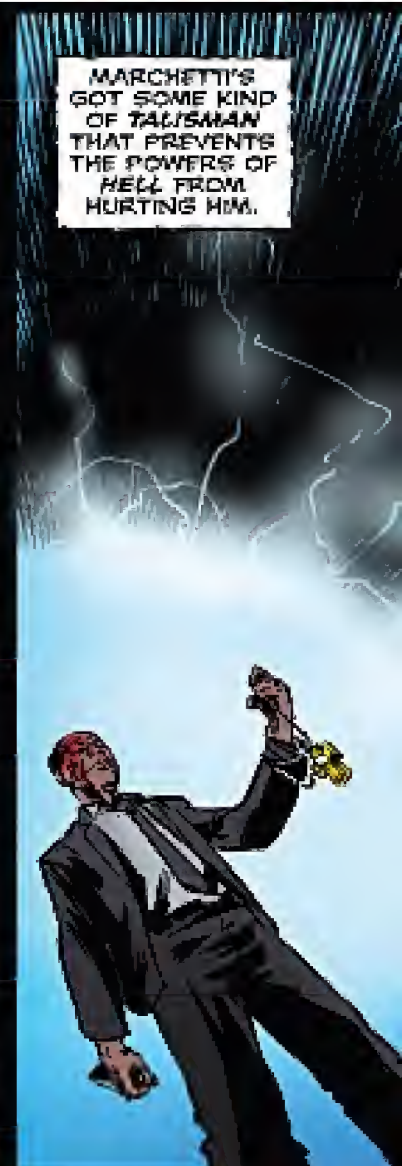
--UNTIL HE BLOWS MY MIND.



THERE ARE MANY HELLS. OF ALL PEOPLE, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.



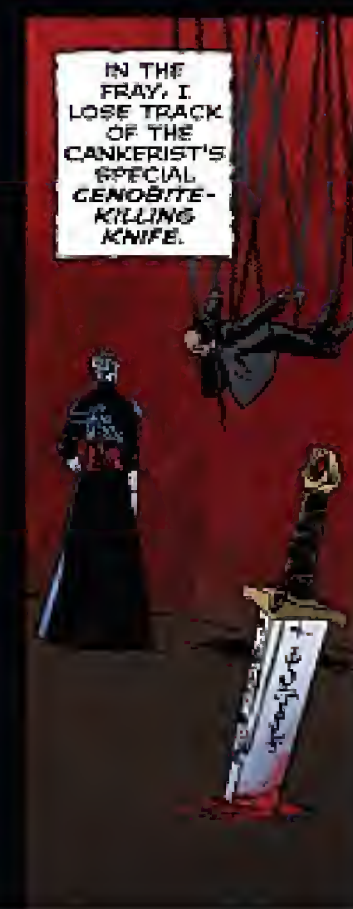
I AM YOU...



MARCHETTI'S GOT SOME KIND OF TALISMAN THAT PREVENTS THE POWERS OF HELL FROM HURTING HIM.



GLAD I DIDN'T PUT ALL MY EGGS IN THAT BASKET.



IN THE FRAY, I LOSE TRACK OF THE CANKERIST'S SPECIAL GENOBITE-KILLING KNIFE.

BET IT'LL
SHOW UP
SOME TIME
LATER...

...BETWEEN
MY RIBS.

GOT HIS TALISMAN,
THOUGH. PROBABLY
GOING TO COME IN
HANDY SOMEDAY.

WE FEED MARCHETTI
INTO THE CENOBIOTE
CONVERTER--NO SENSE
WASTING A PERFECTLY
GOOD SOLDIER, JUST
BECAUSE HE'S IN
SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMY.



BUT HE'S
GOT ONE LAST
SURPRISE
FOR ME...

YOU
HONESTLY
THINK YOU'RE
THE ONE IN CONTROL
HERE, D'AMOUR?
YOU'RE A PUPPET--
AND LEVIATHAN'S
PULLING YOUR
STRINGS!

THINK,
HARRY!
WHY WOULD
LEVIATHAN--
ERRG--
CHOOSE
YOU?



IT'S A QUESTION
THAT CUTS ME
LIKE A RAZOR.
(MAYBE IT WAS
SUPPOSED TO?)

WHY AM I HERE?
WHY DID LEVIATHAN
CHOOSE ME WHEN
HIS LAST TWO HIGH
PRIESTS TOOK EACH
OTHER DOWN?

AN
ASSASSIN, SENT
TO MURDER YOU--
ONLY TO SWELL THE
RANKS OF HELL'S
NEW ARMY.

MY LIEUTENANT
IS TALKING BEHIND
ME. BUT I BARELY
NOTICE...

THEN SHE SAYS
SOMETHING THAT
CUTS ME, TOO.

WHAT
IS THIS
NEW ARMY
FOR?



WHY AM
I HERE?

I'VE WONDERED
THAT, THIS LAST
YEAR, PLENTY OF
TIMES--BUT MY
NEW DUTIES WERE
ALWAYS THERE TO
DISTRACT ME.

(MAYBE
THEY WERE
SUPPOSED
TO?)

"THERE ARE MANY
HELLS." THAT'S GOT A
RING OF TRUTH TO IT.

I'VE FOUGHT PLENTY
OF DEMONS THAT WERE FAR
MORE SUNDAY SCHOOL THAN
LEVIATHAN'S WORSHIPPERS--
THINGS THAT SMELLED OF SHIT
AND BAD SUSHI. ALWAYS
WONDERED WHY, AND
WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

THAT PART CHECKS
OUT. WHAT ABOUT
THE REST OF IT?

WHY DID LEVIATHAN
PICK ME? AM I BEING
PLAYED? AND WHAT IS
THIS NEW "CRUSADER"
ARMY FOR?

"CRUSADERS" IMPLY
A CRUSADE. (OR AM
I READING TOO MUCH
INTO THAT?)

AND THEN
MY DUTIES
PULL ME AWAY,
AGAIN--AS I
FEEL THE TUG
OF A DEVICE
BEING SOLVED.
A GATE BETWEEN
HELL AND EARTH
TEARING OPEN.

I TRY TO
IGNORE IT--

--AND THEN
I SEE THE
GATE'S OPENER.

"TIFFANY"--ASSUMED
NAME. SURVIVOR OF
HELL, TURNED HELL-
FIGHTER. PART OF MY
OLD NETWORK--THOUGH
I NEVER MET HER--

--AND CURRENTLY
WORKING OUT OF MY OLD
OFFICE IN NEW YORK, AT HER
FINGERTIPS? ALL MY FILES,
ALL MY PARANORMAL
CONTACTS--AND THE
WORLD OF THE LIVING.

I COULDN'T
TELL YOU WHEN
I CAME TO THE
DECISION I DID--

--BUT DUTIES
BE DAMNED.
I'M GOING TO
GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF
THIS. ALL
OF THIS.

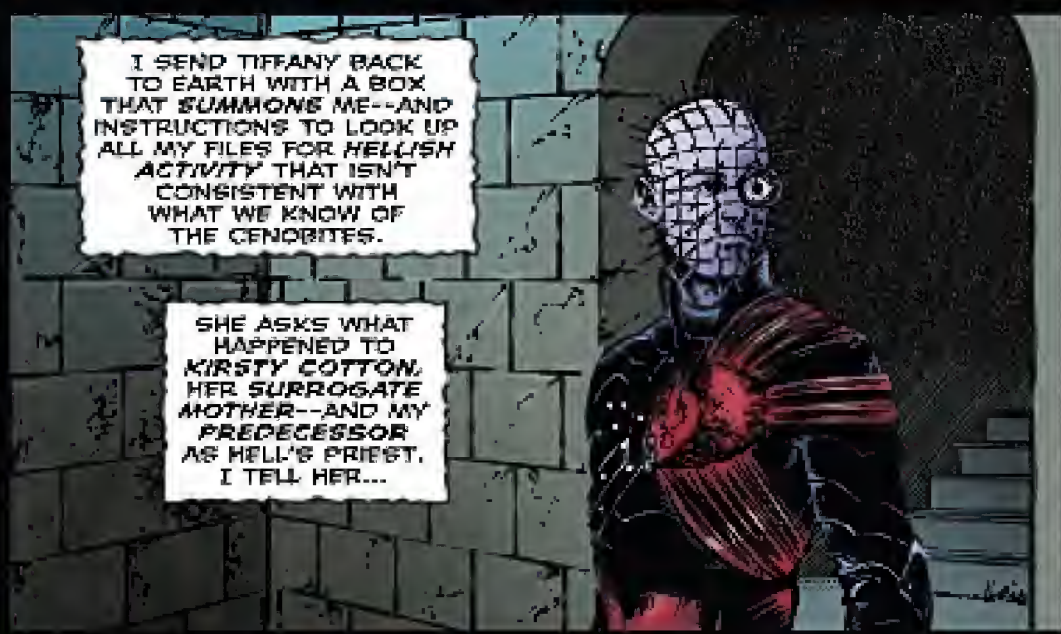


I AM
YOU, AND
YOU ARE
LOVE...



...STUPID
FLASHBACKS.

I HATE
STAIRS.



I SEND TIFFANY BACK
TO EARTH WITH A BOX
THAT SUMMONS ME--AND
INSTRUCTIONS TO LOOK UP
ALL MY FILES FOR *HELLISH*
ACTIVITY THAT ISN'T
CONSISTENT WITH
WHAT WE KNOW OF
THE CENOBITES.

SHE ASKS WHAT
HAPPENED TO
KIRSTY COTTON,
HER *SURROGATE*
MOTHER--AND MY
PREDECESSOR
AS HELL'S PRIEST.
I TELL HER....



...WELL, "GOOD
QUESTION" ISN'T
QUITE A LIE. WHAT
HAPPENED TO
KIRSTY IS A GOOD
QUESTION.

I KNOW WHERE
KIRSTY AND
ELLIOTT SPENCER,
HER PREDECESSOR
ARE--LOCKED INSIDE
A MEMORY SPHERE.
TOGETHER. QUESTION
IS--WHY?

DID KIRSTY
FAIL IN SOME
WAY, TO BE
STRIPPED OF
HER ROLE AND
TRAPPED IN
FANTASY?

OR DID SPENCER NEED
A JAILER? OR IS
KIRSTY PUNISHMENT
FOR SPENCER--IN A
"HELL IS OTHER
PEOPLE," JEAN-PAUL
SARTRE WAY?



OR IS THERE
A BIGGER
GAME AFOOT?

...NOW THAT'S A
STUPID QUESTION.
WITH LEVIATHAN,
THERE'S ALWAYS
A BIGGER GAME.

AND SEEING
SPENCER AND
KIRSTY BRINGS
UP ANOTHER
QUESTION
THAT'S BEEN
BOtherING ME.





YOU, CRUSADER.

TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LIFE AS A HUMAN.



I HAD NO HUMAN LIFE. I HAVE ALWAYS SERVED LEVIATHAN.

HIGH PRIEST. I MUST ATTEND TO MY DUTIES.



THAT'S NOT TRUE.

LEADING THE WITNESS.

TELL ME OF YOUR LIFE BEFORE YOU WERE A CENOBSITE.



I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A CENOBSITE. PLEASE, PRIEST, I MUST PROCEED TO MY NEW POSTING--

SHUT UP AND THINK ABOUT IT.



I...

...I...

AS THE CANKERIST CENOBSITE STARTS TO TWITCH, I BEGIN TO THINK...

...MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TRIED A DIFFERENT GUINEA PIG FOR THIS. ONE WHO DIDN'T COME HERE EXPRESSLY TO KILL ME.



CRUSADER, CONTINUE TO YOUR POSTING.

A WORD, MY LIEGE?

I DON'T KNOW MY LIEUTENANT'S NAME EITHER. IN FACT, ALL I KNOW OF HER IS THAT SHE HELPED ME AGAINST HELL BEFORE, WHILE I WAS STILL HUMAN--

--AND THAT SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH ELLIOTT SPENCER. NOT A GOOD SIGN.

WHAT YOU WERE DOING WAS... UNWISE.

IF YOU'D KEPT PROBING AT MARCHETTI'S MEMORIES, HE WOULD'VE REMEMBERED HIS HUMAN LIFE-- AND THE MISSION THAT BROUGHT HIM HERE.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE THAT WAS KIRSTY COTTON'S CURSE TO ME AND THE REST OF MY CENOBIMUM.

SHE REMINDED US OF THE HUMAN LIVES LONG DROWNED UNDER OUR DECADES IN HELL. I--

--SPENCER NEVER FORGAVE HER THAT TRESPASS.



WHY DID YOUR CENOBIMUM HAVE THEIR MEMORIES REPLACED, WHEN I WAS LEFT INTACT?

INTACT. P.T.S.D. FLASHBACKS AND ALL.

AND KIRSTY AND HER CENOBIMUM-- THEY ALL RETAINED THEIR HUMAN MEMORIES, RIGHT?

WHY?

ONE ANSWER TO THAT SEEMS STARING YOU IN THE FACE, DETECTIVE.

OF COURSE.

...BECAUSE LEVIATHAN WANTED THINGS FROM ME AND KIRSTY THAT WE COULDN'T GIVE IF HE STRIPPED AWAY OUR PERSONALITIES...

...BUT WHAT LEVIATHAN WANTED FROM ME AND MY KIND--

--REQUIRED VIOLATING OUR MINDS, AS WELL AS OUR BODIES.



THAT'S ALL VERY
INFORMATIVE--
PROVIDED I CAN
TRUST MY LIEUTENANT.
AND I CAN'T. SHE'S
BEEN A SERVANT OF HELL
FOR DECADES--ON TOP
OF BEING SPENCER'S
WOMAN, IN HIS
CENOBIITE DAYS.

INTERVIEWING
WITNESSES ISN'T
GETTING ME
ANYWHERE. TIME
TO TRY ANOTHER
TACTIC--

--SURVEILLANCE.
COULDN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE THE CANKERIST
CENOBIITE WAS TRYING
TO GET SOMEWHERE.
DID MY LIEUTENANT
REALLY WANT TO KEEP
ME FROM WAKING
UP THE HUMAN
INSIDE HIM--

--OR DID
SHE WANT
HIM TO GET
WHERE HE
WAS GOING?



MY LIEUTENANT
WOULD SQUAWK
IF SHE KNEW I
WAS OUT IN THE
PIT WITHOUT AN
HONOR GUARD.

BUT THE HOI POLLOI OF
HELL'S DAMNED ARE GOOD AND
COWED RIGHT NOW, FOLLOWING
THEIR FAILED UPRISING...



DEATH TO
THE CENOBIITE
OPPRESSORS!

...OR
MOST
ARE.

DEATH
TO--



..UH..

THIS WAS THE
CANKERIST'S
DESTINATION...

...SO WHAT
IS IT?



AND
WHY DON'T
I KNOW
ABOUT IT?

WHAT IS
THE MEANING
OF THIS?



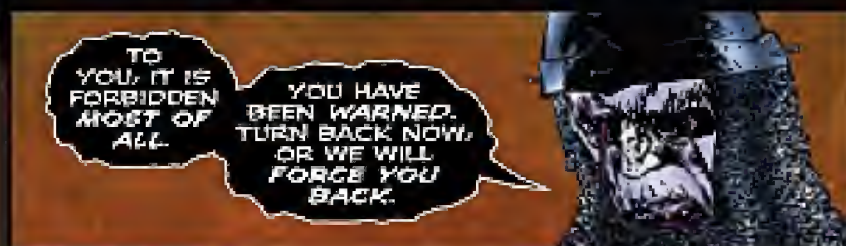
THIS WAY IS
FORBIDDEN.

BUT I
AM YOUR
HIGH
PRIEST!



TO
YOU, IT IS
FORBIDDEN
MOST OF
ALL.

YOU HAVE
BEEN WARNED.
TURN BACK NOW,
OR WE WILL
FORCE YOU
BACK.



GET
OUT
OF MY
WAY.



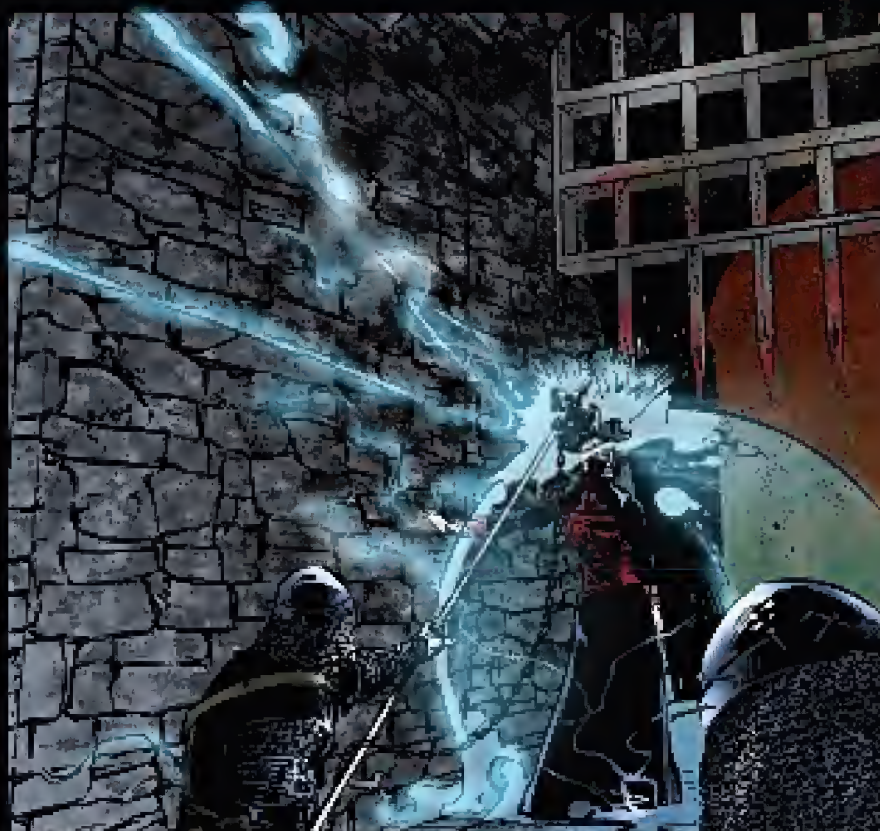
SO
BE IT.



THANK YOU,
MARCHETTI...



...VERY USEFUL
LITTLE TALISMAN
YOU BROUGHT ME.



NOW,
WHAT'S--



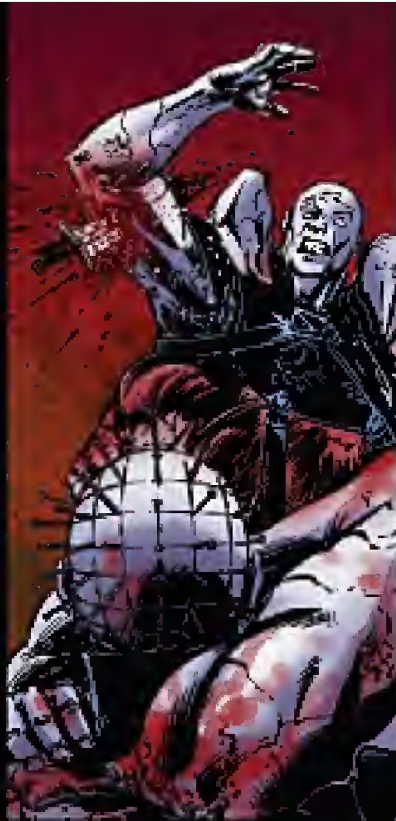
...--

WELL--







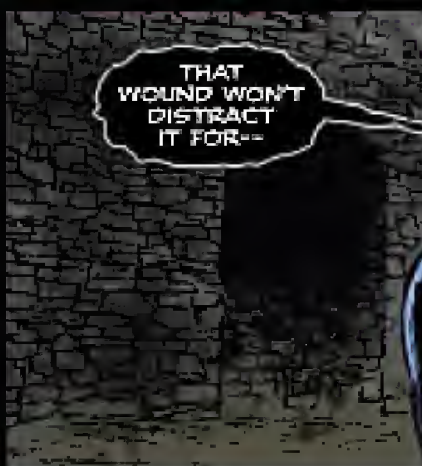


...MARCHETTI'S
KNIFE? BUT--



--OH.

MY
LIEGE--
MOVE!



THAT
WOULD WON'T
DISTRACT
IT FOR--



--LONG.

WELL,
SHIT.

MARCHETTI'S KNIFE
CUT THROUGH REGULAR
CENOBITES LIKE BUTTER.
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO
ASSASSINATE ME, A
HIGH PRIEST--

--AND IT SEEMS
TO JUST MAKE
THIS THING MAD.

MY LIEUTENANT
INVOKES HER
CHAINS.



IT'S NOT
ENOUGH...



...BY
ITSELF.



BUT
TOGETHER,
IT PROVES...



...STILL NOT
ENOUGH!

FUCK!

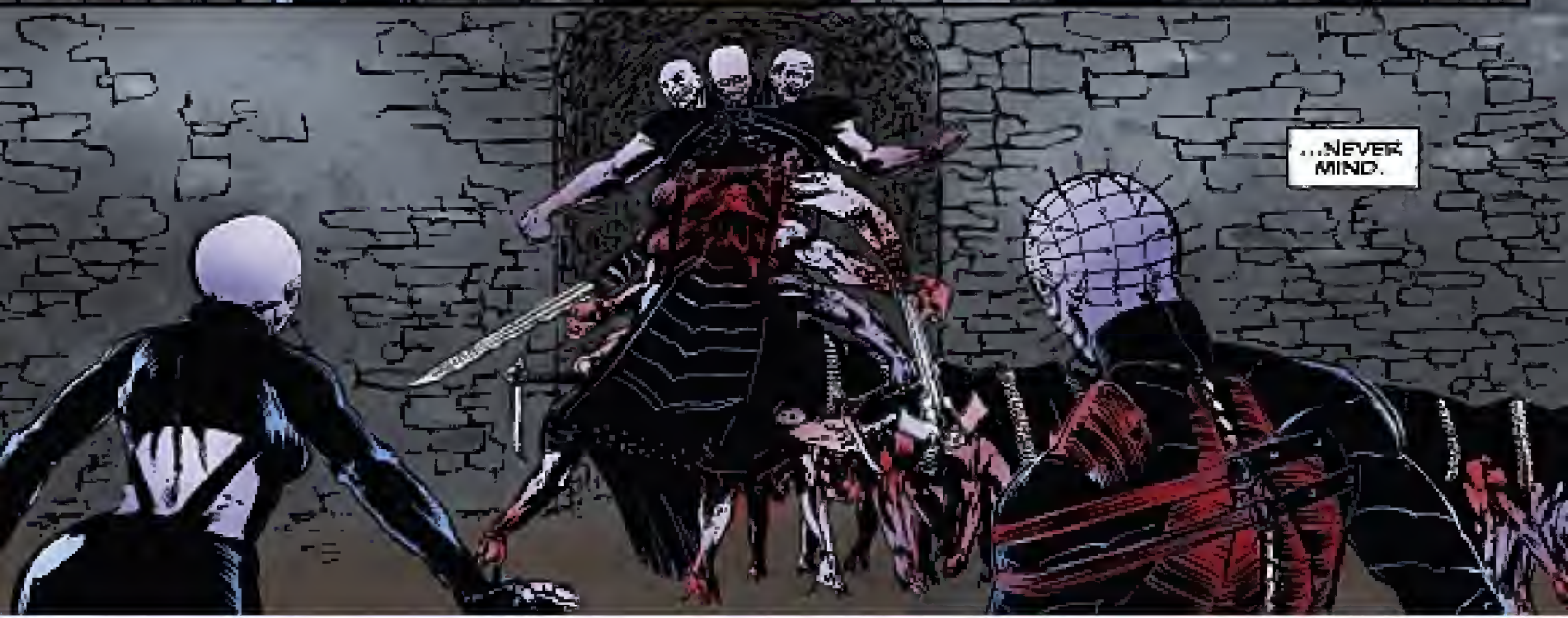


THAT'S IT.
WE GAVE OUR
BEST SHOT.

ALL WE CAN
DO NOW IS
ESCAPE WITH
OUR LIVES...



...NEVER
MIND.





WHAT
NOW, MY
LIEGE?

...KNOW
ANY GOOD
PRAYERS?

WHO
WOULD
HEAR
US?

...OH.

THERE'S STILL
ONE LAST SHOT--

--BUT IT'S A
LONG ONE.

DO YOU
REMEMBER
WHAT IT WAS
LIKE WHEN
YOU WERE
HUMAN?

BECAUSE
YOU WERE.
ONCE. ALL OF
YOU WERE.



TRICKERY.
LIES.

IT'S NOT
TRICKERY! YOU
WERE HUMAN,
ONCE!

YOU CAME
HERE WHEN YOU
DIED--OR YOU DIED
BECAUSE YOU SOLVED
A PUZZLE! HELL TURNED
YOU INTO THIS--BUT
YOU WEREN'T
ALWAYS LIKE
THIS!



REMEMBER IT!
REMEMBER YOUR
PARENTS! REMEMBER
YOUR BROTHERS AND
SISTERS! REMEMBER
YOUR FAMILY!

THINK OF
THE SUN ON
YOUR FACE! THE
TASTE OF YOUR
FAVORITE FOOD!
THE WAY IT FELT
TO FUCK
SOMEONE!
COME ON!

WHO
WERE
YOU?

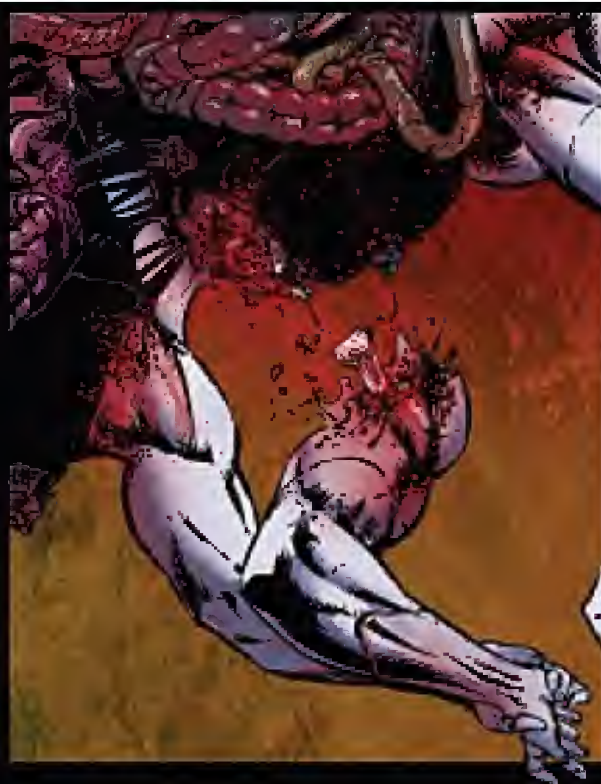
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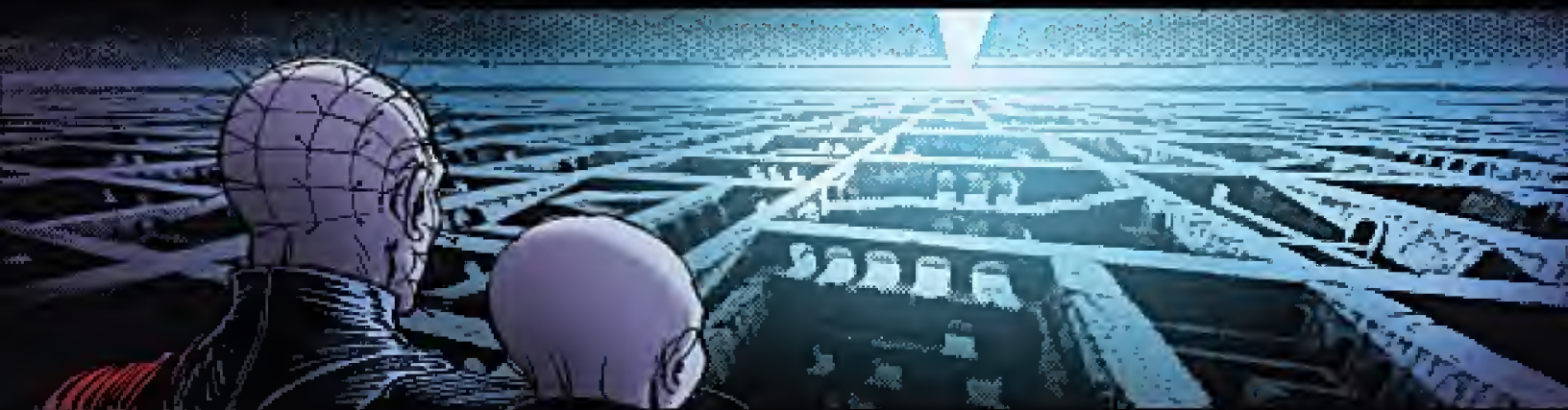
I
WAS...

OH, GOD, I
FORGOT--









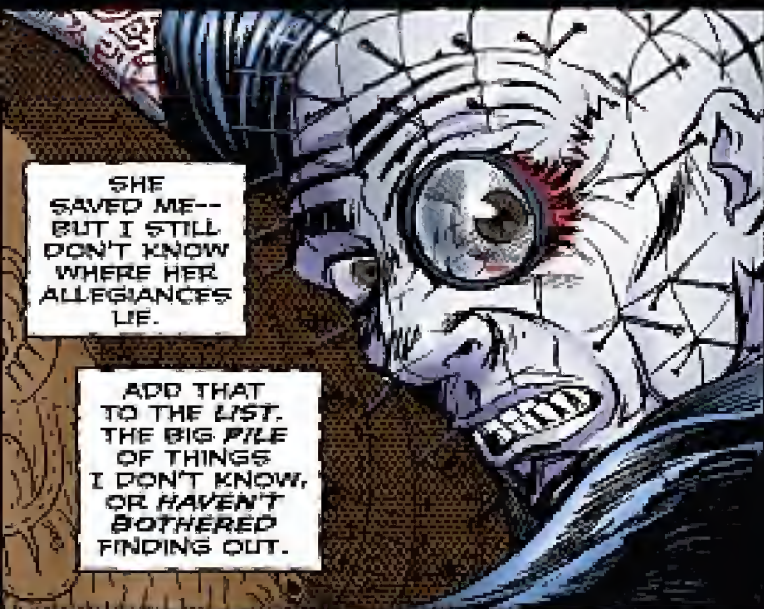
THAT WAS
SLOPPY.

I SHOULD'VE
HELD MYSELF
TOGETHER
BETTER.



SHE
SAVED ME--
BUT I STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHERE HER
ALLEGIANCES
LIE.

ADD THAT
TO THE LIST.
THE BIG FILE
OF THINGS
I DON'T KNOW,
OR HAVEN'T
BOTHERED
FINDING OUT.




I'VE BEEN SO
PREOCCUPIED WITH MY
NEW LIFE THIS LAST
YEAR, I'VE LET SO MUCH
SLIP PAST ME.




SUCH
AS--ELLIOTT
SPENCER'S
INSURRECTION
STARTED WITH
HIM TEARING A
HOLE BETWEEN
HELL AND
EARTH.

SO THE
OBVIOUS
QUESTION I
SHOULD'VE
ASKED IS--



Two men are seen from behind, looking out from a dark, arched opening into a bright, sunlit city. The man on the left wears a dark suit with a red cape, and the man on the right wears a dark suit with a white shirt and a purple helmet. The city outside is filled with tall, dark buildings and a large, bright light source in the sky.


--WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
HOLE?



A man in a dark suit and white shirt is shown from the chest up, holding a sword aloft with his right hand. He has a determined expression on his face.

IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW.
THE NEW ARMY--IT'S
AN INVASION FORCE.
HELL IS GOING TO
INVADE EARTH!

IT'S THE FINAL
BATTLE. THE END OF
DAYS. HELL'S ARMY
COMES TO EARTH--



A close-up of a man's face. His face is covered in a grid-like pattern, possibly a mask or a scar. He has a shocked or surprised expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. His hands are raised in front of him, palms facing forward.

--AND I'M
SUPPOSED
TO LEAD IT.



A man in a dark suit and white shirt is shown from the chest up, standing next to a large, red, dinosaur-like creature. The man has a serious expression on his face. The creature has a long, pointed snout and sharp teeth. In the background, a large group of people in dark robes are standing in a line, looking towards the man and the creature.

TO BE CONTINUED!

FROM THE BOOM!PEN

Sometimes I'm able to be a part of a project that blows my mind. Whether it's a childhood favorite like *GARFIELD*, or a lauded series like *IRREDEEMABLE*, there are some projects that have a unique, special quality to them. Years ago I had the good fortune to meet Mike Carey. Mike is one of the greatest storytellers our medium has to offer—and one of my personal favorites—so it was very cool to find out that he is also a hell of a nice guy. When we first met, we hit it off immediately and began discussing Mike writing a new project at BOOM!

Now, some of you may not know, but Mike is also an accomplished...everything. He's a respected novelist, and has written video games and feature film scripts. If there is an art to writing something, chances are Mike can do it, and do it well. This year, Mike has been nominated for an Edgar® Award for a prose short story he wrote. As you can imagine, this is a man who is extremely busy.

So as time went on we began to discuss this story of a world where superpowers are just beginning to be activated. The only problem is, everybody seems to be a villain. And the tragic few who are heroes end up breaking bad for some reason, or worse, finding themselves outmatched and dead. But if you think superheroes have it rough in this world, what about the regular heroes without superpowers? What about cops? That's where our main character, bust cop Leo Winters, comes in. Cops are dying in droves and Leo is having a hard time standing by and watching his brothers and sisters fall in the line of duty. What follows is a mind-bending story where nothing is what it seems and the world is on the brink. Like some of Mike's best stories, it's an ongoing narrative and the story continues to peel back like an onion with every issue.

This is a story we've been working on for years and the stars have finally aligned. The first issue of *SUICIDE RISK* is in stores now. This ongoing series is drawn beautifully by Elena Casagrande, with covers by the incredibly talented Tommy Lee Edwards and Stephanie Haas.

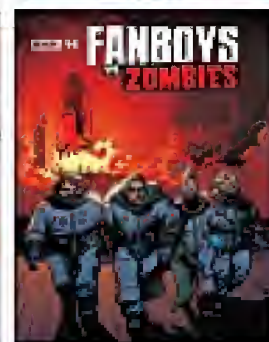
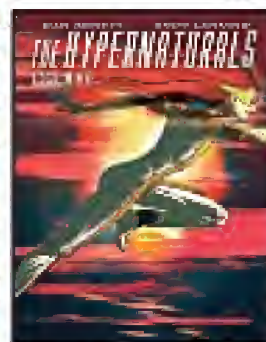
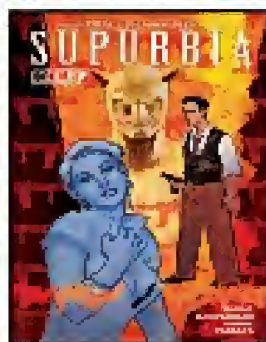
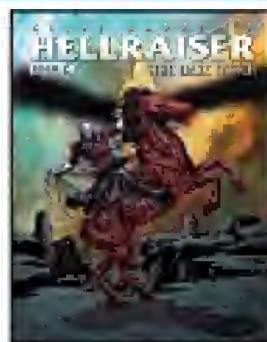
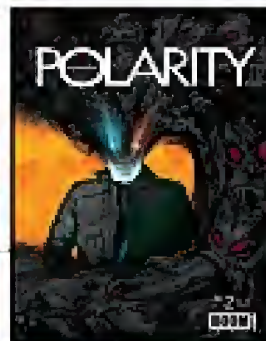
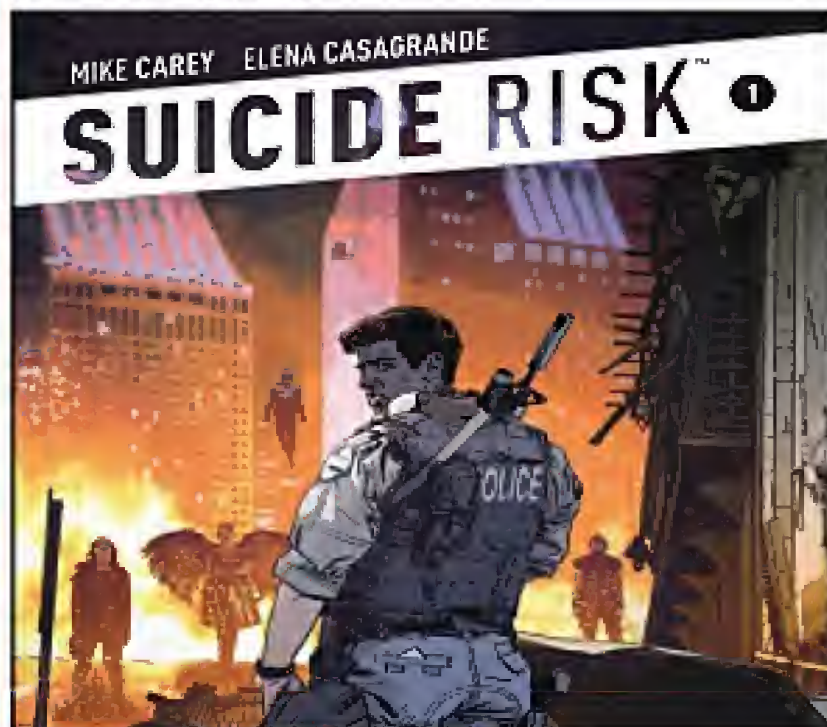
I couldn't be prouder of the result. I hope you'll give it a chance. It's a project that we've put a lot into, and we think you'll enjoy it...if you take the risk.

Matt Gagnon
Editor-in-Chief

BOOM!

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UPCOMING



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THINGS GET WEIRD IN JUNE

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